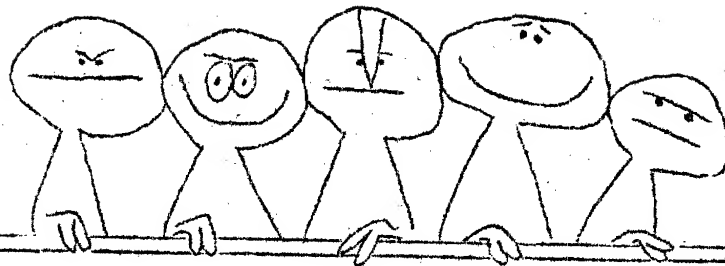


S T A B 6



Best Wishes for a  
Happy Holiday

from the  
Y.U.D.C.

may all your wars be on diplomacy  
boards

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sTab is a bi-weekly (sometimes) mail Diplomacy journal, currently chronicling Games 1964D (Trantor I -- Fall 1910), 1965E (Massif -- Winter 1905), and 1965U (Trantor II -- Winter 1901). Subscriptions to sTab are 10/\$1 from John Koning. Cover this by William Rotsler.

Deadlines for the next issue are 2½ weeks from publication date, on Saturday, 15 January 1966, partially because of the intervening New Years holidays, but mostly because of the wedding of YUDC lights Kim Pattee and Ovilla Honor Davies (who will in future both reside at 707 Bryson St., Youngstown, Ohio, 44503) and the attendant festivities. Your noble editors are also weary, and on vacation.

Next issue will feature one of the marathon games played during the Scarboro-YUDC confrontation last November, with players Nelson, Lake, Christian, Smythe, Pattee, Davies, and Koning. Watch for it!

TRANTOR<sub>29</sub>

#29/SVG #29

"Fall 1910, Game I"

28 December 1965

AUSTRIA: A Liv (S) TURK A StP; A Prus (S) A Liv; A Sil (S) TURK A Ber; A Boh (S) A Mun; A Tyr (S) A Mun; F Ion-Tyrr; F Adr-Apu; F Gre-Ion; A War listens to Chopin concert, I guess.

FRANCE: A Par-hold; F WesM-hold.

ENGLAND: A Fin-StP; A Nor (S) A Fin-StP; F Both (S) A Fin-StP; F Bal-Liv; A Bel-Hol; A Ruh-Mun; A Bur (S) A Ruh-Mun; A Kiel (S) A Ruh-Mun; F Eng-Mid; F Mar-Lyon; F Mid-NorAf; F Spa-Mar

ITALY: A Pied-Mar; F Tun-NorAf; F Tyrr-Tun; F Aeg-Con; F Black (S) F Aeg-Con; A Mun (S) TURK A Ber-Kiel

TURKEY: A StP (S) AUS A Liv; A Mos (S) A StP; A Ber (S) ITA A Mun-Kiel; A Smy-Arm; A Con-Smy

Underlined moves do not succeed. The Turkish Army St. Petersburg is annihilated, for there is no vacant province for it to retreat to.

## BUILDS:

ENGLAND: Lon, Liv, Edi, Nor, Swe, Den, Kiel, Hol, Bel, Por, Spa,  
 Bre, StP ((13)) build 1  
 FRANCE: Par, Mar ((2)) no change  
 ITALY: Rom, Nap, Ven, Mun, Con, Tun, ((6)) no change  
 AUSTRIA: Vie, Tri, Bud, Ser, Gre, Bul, Rum, Sev, War ((9)) no change  
 TURKEY: Smy, Ank, Mos, Ber ((4)) remove one

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 DEADLINE FOR "WINTER 1910" MOVES IS SATURDAY, 15 JANUARY 1965  
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"Winter 1901, Game II"

ENGLAND: Builds Fleet London  
 FRANCE: Builds Army Paris, Army Brest  
 GERMANY: Builds Army Munich, Fleet Kiel  
 ITALY: Builds Fleet Naples  
 AUSTRIA: Builds Army Trieste, Army Vienna  
 RUSSIA: Builds Fleet St. Petersburg (N.C.), Army Sevastapol  
 TURKEY: Builds Fleet Constantinople

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 DEADLINE FOR "SPRING 1902" MOVES IS SATURDAY, 15 JANUARY 1965  
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BERLIN, 22 December 1901 (Reuters) The Imperial Kaiser today offered a treaty of friendship and mutual aid to Turkey, provided Turkey will divest itself, through fair means or foul, of its present misguided leadership, particularly within the Admiralty.

"It is obvious," declared the Kaiser, "that Turkey is groping for sound leadership from a realm where it is non-existent. If all that Turkey wants is an extremely wet-water Admiral, Germany would be exceedingly glad to deport our diminutive Admiral "PeeWee" Russell to Turkey. As for ourselves, we have no qualms as to the quality of our own leadership, under the well-nigh immortal guidance of Chief of Staff John Dodds, backed as he is by the two Leons -- Rappalo and Beiderbecke -- as Army Group Commanders. And our Naval Commander, "Bibbs" Miley knows more low-down tricks than any other Admiral afloat," concluded the Kaiser, obviously pleased with the long-term ability and promise of his military staff.

At this point, the Imperial Court's Cheerleader, "Tricky Sam" Nanton led the assembled nobles in a resounding salvo of "Hoch der Kaiser!"

ST. IVANSBURG (31 December 1901) In a New Year's Eve proclamation, Tsar Ivan VIII expressed thanks for the momentous events that have seen him installed on the throne of his fathers. He told the Russian people that, now that the

nation is united under her rightful Tsar, they can go forward in the war with every confidence of victory.

Specifically, he included in his message the following pronouncements:

1. The ex-Tsar Ivan VII, pretender to the "fraudulent Pugachev claim to the throne," will be exiled to the same Siberian monastery where his predecessor Nikolai II has just taken vows as Brother Pantaleimon.

2. St. Petersburg will retain the name St. Ivansburg, given it by Ivan VII.

3. The attempts by Ivan VII to negotiate alliances with England, Germany, and Austria-Hungary are repudiated. Russia will dedicate herself to emancipating from the threat of foreign control the kindred peoples of the Balkans and Scandinavia.

4. The meetings scheduled by Ivan VII with "those notorious malcontents Ussishkin and Kropotkin" are cancelled. However, Patriarch Gapon, who swore allegiance to Ivan VIII as soon as he was proclaimed, shall be continued in office.

5. Cecile B. DeMille will be provided with a visa to Magadan in the event that he is still interested in interviewing ex-Tsar Ivan VII about an alleged case of plagiarism.

MOSCOW (14 January 1902) Patriarch Gapon, reputed to be the adroitest clergyman since the Vicar of Bray, today informed newsmen of the exact details of the claims of Ivan VIII to the Imperial Throne.

'Tsar Pyotr the Great had, as you may not know, an elder brother Ivan V, who at one time was his co-ruler. He deposed his brother, who died in obscurity. Five years after Pyotr's death, Ivan's daughter Anna succeeded to the throne. She was succeeded in 1740 by her infant grand-nephew, Ivan VI. But Ivan VI and his family were imprisoned a year later by Pyotr's daughter Elizaveta, and young Ivan was kept in prison during the reigns of Elizaveta and her nephew Pyotr III.

"The jailers were instructed to treat Ivan VI well, but to kill him if he tried to escape. Among his well-treatment were periodic visits from a woman of the town, Pushova. Eventually he fell in love with her, and persuaded the prison chaplain to marry them. Ivan VI was murdered in 1764, but Pushova bore him a posthumous son, from whom Ivan VIII is descended."

CONSTANTINOPLE (DWE) The hopes of the 47 wives and 362 mistresses of the men of the inFamous Wooden Fleet Squadron were raised today when the formation of a second no-less-powerful fleet was announced in the glorious capital of the Sublime Empire of Turkey. The new fleet, under the joint command of Admirals Coleman and Coltrane will reportedly set sail this Spring to search out the remnants of Miles Davis vanished Squadron. The new fleet is composed of several river barges purchased from the Bulgarians, and a lightly armed off-shore drilling rig washed in a month ago some few miles from the city. Nobody's hopes are any too high.

HOLLYWOOD (DWE) Producer Cecil B. DeMille today announced that he was dropping his plagiarism suit against one Ivan VII Pugachev of Russia. "We can easily forgive," the producer said, "the theft of one screenplay when Ivan's successor is producing so many publications adaptable to the screen."

Rumors are that John Barrymore is being drafted to play the part of Ivan VI in DeMille's new epic, "Russia Aflame," while Jean Harlow is favored to play the choice part of Pushova, the beautiful peasant girl who steals the befuddled prince's heart.

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"The King with half the East at heel has marched  
from lands of morning;  
His fighters drink the rivers up, their shafts  
benight the air.  
And he who stands will die for nought, and  
home there's no returning.  
So we'll sit down and burn draft cards and  
grow long beards and hair."

-- A.E. Flatman



OOPS

goofed again

1964 D

ST. PETERSBURG (1 January 1910):

Turkish forces in this former Russian capital are in a state of disorder more typical of a defeated than a victorious army. Although last fall they routed an English army, and celebrated their victory with a savage sack of Czar Peter's city on the Neva, they are now cut off from their homeland, with Austrian and Italian armies between them and Turkey. Istanbul itself is under the occupation of a surprisingly revived Italy.

The harsh cold of northern Russia is taking its toll of these men from the shores of the Mediterranean and the Euxine. Colonel General Motawakkil is invalided with a severe case of influenza, and his soldiers shiver nightly in their inadequate army issue blankets, or in such rags as they have been able to loot from an already looted Russian peasantry.

If any Petersburgers are in worse state than the Turkish army, it is the native population. Since the last Russian field force surrendered, the people of this once-great Empire have been overrun by English, Austrians, and Turks. Lacking food, they are fed on rumors. Some say that the mysterious Mule is the Anti-Christ, others solemnly believe that the late Nikolai II is actually hiding out in a monastery in Siberia, awaiting the day when he can return and lead Holy Russia to victory. Yet another story has it that the King of Italy will place his cousin the Duke of Aosta on the Russian throne -- but only if Russia converts to Roman Catholicism. Otherwise, they aver, he will leave them to the clutches of the Turkish heathen.

And in truth one can read the newspapers of all Europe and be no better informed than the ignorant Russian peasant or Turkish infantryman. Five years ago, France was the most powerful nation in Europe; now her forces are in full retreat. Five years ago Italy's back was to the wall; now an Italian admiral governs Istanbul,

restored to its ancient name of Constantinopolis. Every nation in Europe has been forced to disband armies under enemy pressure at some time during the war.

Where it will end, no man knows.

-- James Branch Water  
Litchfield Times-Dispatch



# MASSIF<sup>no</sup> 16



Game 1965E

"Winter 1905"

28 December 1965

## ARMIES ADDED, FLEET DESTROYED GAMESMASTER GOOFS!

ENGLAND: Builds Army London, Army Edinburgh

FRANCE: Builds Army Marseilles

GERMANY: Removes Fleet Helgoland Bight

ITALY: Removed

AUSTRIA: No change

RUSSIA: No change

TURKEY: No moves received\*

\*The fact is that MacKenzie, briefly on the phone with me, did I believe give me his builds during a conversation with Derek Nelson. Turkey had two builds coming, not the one I announced last issue (my fault... I'd forgotten the Turkish army annihilated in Moscow) I ask all players to bear with me in my befuddlement, and allow Turkey to repeat her build moves... and to send in their own moves condition, if possible, on the Turkish builds. The next deadline is a long way off, and if MacKenzie will reply with all possible speed I will attempt to inform the other players by postcard of Turkey's action before the deadline. IF ANY PLAYER OBJECTS TO THIS PROCEDURE, I WILL HOLD ALL "SPRING 1906" MOVES FOR ONE ISSUE AND MERELY PRINT TURKEY'S BUILDS NEXT ISSUE. Sorry, all. jgk

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DEADLINE FOR "SPRING 1906" MOVES IS SATURDAY, 15 JANUARY 1906  
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VIENNA (Reuters) High authorities in the Imperial Government have informed our sources that Count Conrad today conceded the war with the entry of Canadian troops on the battlefield. Rather than arouse the Canadians to the danger point he has ordered all Austrian troops engaged with them to surrender unconditionally.

((GERMAN PRESS RELEASES ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE CONTINUED FROM  
THE LAST ISSUE))

HEINERSBRUCH, southeast of Berlin (AP) This was once part of the old Albertine lands, the county of Lower Lusatia, pledged in perpetuity to the Electors of Saxony, owing fealty to the grand electors sitting in Leipzig. Nowadays it is part of Brandenburg, but the people still speak a slavish version of German called Lusatian and they still display the blue and red flags of the Wettins and their Albertine descendants on festive occasions.

This year war came to Lusatia, borne on clattering Skoda siege guns and the monkey chattering of Maxim guns. The Habsburg legions came with it, their hob-nailed boots ringing strange in the wooden towns of the Spreewald and of Lusatia.

I talked with an Austrian today, in the hospital section of the prisoner-of-war camp here. This is only a temporary camp, and someday he will walk or ride by train to a Baltic or North Sea port where he will be shipped to some camp in England or perhaps to Canada itself. Today he is here and I talked with him. He described much of the late battle of Grissen to me.

"It was in the early dawn. The Prussians had probed our lines last night, but naturally had been thrown back easily. Sometime this week we were sure we would be ordered up and over and we would break out of our beachhead here on the bend of the Oder.

"Lt. Lubb, he is... was... one of those Banat Germans, said we were just waiting until Torgau on the Elbe was taken, then we'd break out. Crack the Prussians in east Saxony like ripe nuts, he said.

"That morning I was standing post in the trenches as it was my turn, when I noticed movement in the German lines. We'd heard movements in their lines, and I remembered hoping they were going to try a daylight attack, as I hadn't zeroed in my new Mauser rifle yet. It would be like shooting ducks in an alley.

"I had four primed potato mashers lying on the trench in front of me and my rifle slung, as it shouldn't get dirty yet. I was quite unprepared for the sound of English voices, for I had learned some Gymnasium English back in Pilsen.

"I immediately rang the alarm, as this was news for the Lieutenant to have immediately if not sooner. He came up in a tit and was in time for the most extraordinary sight.

"In the early morning mist I could quite clearly see men walking the German parapet yonder, pointing to spots in our lines. I immediately put a few over at one type who seemed to be delivering a lecture with his pistol. But my rifle was as I said new, and he didn't even flinch.

"Then shells started coming over, right on us it seemed. Smoke, air bursts, mortars, delayed fuses, high explosives, a few from that howitzer bunker the Prussians had dug to our right.

"To my astonishment and that of my Lieutenant's, soldiers started to boil out of the trenches opposite. There were thousands of them! They just kept on coming out of those trenches, we didn't think there were that many soldiers left in the entire German Army anymore.

"The Lieutenant left and told me to stand firm, he was going to get artillery. Someone already had, for I could hear the Skodas from the railyards at Sommerfeld barreling into the rear.

"Those incredible idiots in the German lines, I was sure they must be English, had begun forming skirmish lines and the entire

group were slowly walking towards us, bayonets on and the entire landscape black with bursting Austrian counter-artillery and brown-clad men. That alone identified the entire crazy assault line as being British, for I knew they wore brown or khaki.

"The air-bursts were terrible to see, whole companies going down in rows, lines. I fired off a magazine, I don't know if I hit anyone, but the German artillery was easing off the front trenches now and I could see why.

"The British had crossed half the distance and had now broken into a loose run, their cap-wearing officers running amongst them and leading them onward. They started up the slope and a deep breathy roaring yell came to my ears, with still 300 yards to go.

"Short artillery rounds were falling into our trenches now I knew, but the no-man's land was brown already with dead and advancing British. Luri and Karl, my friends, were with me now, and I fired off another magazine as fast as I could pull back the bolt and forward. The air-bursts were amongst us then, and so were the British!

"They grenaded the Mazim nest to my left and two Britishers came at us like mad dogs. The officer grappled with Karl and blew his head off with his pistol before I clubbed him. I turned around and a Britisher leaped the trench and dropped a grenade behind him. I leaped out, but Luri was dazed and the grenade got him. I ran for the rear trenches, shooting a Britisher in the back who was traveling the same way.

"They were everywhere! The brown tide seemed undiminished by the slaughter just behind them and already the Maxims in the rear trenches were going full blast. I stumbled into the trenches, my rifle still in my hand and all I could think of was those four grenades lying on the parapet that I never thought to use.

"I turned around and saw them still coming. They were everywhere. Some crawling forward, most running full tilt, dying by the platoon before each Maxim nest. But then one lucky one lobbed in a Mills grenade before being shot, then another Maxim nest was grenaded and the trenches were being systematically grenaded by yelling Britishers.

"They were breaking through everywhere, it was all too quick.

"I leaped out of the trenches, grasping my rifle still so I wouldn't be shot as a deserter, and lit for the railroad tracks and Griessen on the Oder.

"An officer hit me in the fact with his pistol but I ran around him and kept on going. Behind me I saw the line of Britishers break through the bushes, hand-to-hand fighting going on whenever they could catch the now disintegrating troops. The officer calmly shot down three of the Britishers, until one shot him with one bullet. I saw it clearly. He got it right in the head, and his Army issue glasses went spinning off him into the air, a big round hole appearing in the back of his skull where the bullet exited.

"Then I ran as if all the devils of Hell were after me.

"A pillbox ignored me as I ran past it, though one of the men yelled something at me, probably a demand that I stand and fight.

"Moments later I heard its Maxims start up, the hoarse yelling of the Britishers being drowned out by the chattering noise. Another nest started up on my right as I broke through into the forest about



the railroad tracks.

"It is about four kilometres from the trenches to Griessen, but I think I made it, shaking, exhausted, wringing with sweat, my shirt half torn off me, the sling on my rifle gone, in less than half an hour.

"Someone was organizing a battle group here and a big burly Moravian sergeant stopped me by clubbing my ankles with an extended rifle. I went down in a heap, and he promptly kicked me in the mouth. He hauled me up and told me to get there in the line or he or the Kapitan would shoot me for a deserter.

"Capless, too blinded to even see, missing four teeth from the sergeant's boot, I joined the line of half-armed men in the blade and slowly formed an open square under the Kapitan's urging.

"A motly crew of clerks, ordinance men, artillerists and refugees from the front line as I was. Scarcely an hour ago I had been part of a regiment, a division, a corps, expecting to see us march triumphantly into Cottbus.

"Now we were nothing, the bottom of the barrel.

"Within an hour the bottom of the barrel had found itself some cover, there on the edge of the glade and prepared to throw back the british assault.

"Our artillery had practically disappeared, without observers to tell them what was happening, or batteries not overrun to deliver the fire. Or so I thought. It seemed as if we had met up with a tidal wave.

"Then the tidal wave appeared. The first few across the glade were shot down, one fell across the log I was behind. Others went to ground in the glade and in the woods about us and returned our fire. Crackling, yelling, more swept past us.

"One deserter tried to run away but the Kapitan shot him in the back, and so we stayed until the British burst onto us from both sides and the rear.

"It was over in a minute, the brown mob rushing us and shooting and bayoneting without mercy. Their casualties had been heavy and they were in no mood to take prisoners, I suppose.

"Someone shot me in the knees as I tried to rise and another clubbed me with his rifle butt as I fell. I'm deaf in my left ear now and I'll have the scars there where my skin was flayed away for the rest of my life, but I suppose I owe him my life. He could have shot me in the head instead."

And so he sat, readers. Ex-soldier Jerich Grüss, formerly of the 119th Division, Sudeten German by race, prisoner by fate, alive by chance. In barely two hours he had witnessed the Huntingdon Rifles penetrate the Griessen beachhead perimeter and split the area in two. He did not know that the 1st Royal Marine Brigade and the Canadian Maritime des Regulars Regiment were in that mob as well. That was all.

For there was need for no more. They were the spear point, the sharp hard biting point of the spear, behind which the German formations came and mopped up the now shattered perimeter.

The Austrians were thrown back across the river, even Lt. General Bober-Beckhausen taken with an entire Austrian corps of elite troops. Just three British units, new, fresh, ready to succeed or perish in the attempt, killed perhaps forever the dreams of

Habsburgian sovereignty in Europe.

Just three units, a motley crew if ever there were any. Two grizzled veteran Marine regiments from Sweden. An untried bright sword of an English regiment whose heritage goes back four hundred and a half years. Riding with them across that muggy misty morning were a regiment of French-speaking Canadians, far from home, in a war they say does not concern them.

They were enough. Enough to pierce, to crack, to destroy the Austrian lines. Perhaps never more aptly could Shakespeare's sonnet apply more clearly.

For want of a blacksmith a nail was lost, for want of a nail a shoe was lost, for want of a shoe a horse was lost, for want of a horse a king was lost, for want of a king a battle was lost, for want of a battle a kingdom was lost.

Berlin has put the prisoner bag at more than 55,000 men, the entire Austrian corps across the Oder, in fact.

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Well, it didn't turn out to be quite as small an issue as I had hoped, but since the New York trip fell through it didn't really matter. Next issue bids fair to run 16 or so pages... don't miss it. An "X" by your name indicates that you are likely to miss it, however, unless you renew your subscription. All best for the new year.  
jgk

FROM:

John Koning  
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Youngstown, Ohio  
44509

FIF **VIA AIR MAIL** E

